San Marcos Free Press.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

A VENERABLE MYSTERY.

Was Old Lawyer Thomas Gold's Funeral a Mock Ceremony?

The Pittsfield (Mass.) *Eagle* gets up a mystery over the death and burial of old Lawyer Thomas Gold that makes at least very interesting reading. Mr. Gold was a smart young lawyer who came to Pittsfield in 1782 when 22 years old, and became afterward with Ezekial Bacon the leader of the county bar. He was as much respected as old Parson Allen, and was prominent in all town matters. His fine house on East Street is the same now owned by the family of the late Thomas F. Plunkett, and the one pictured by the poet Longfellow, who married a granddaughter of Mr. Gold, in his "Old Clock on the Stairs:"

Somewhat back on the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat,
Across this antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw.

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared,
The stranger feasted at his board.

But Lawyer Gold in the height of his prosperity took to speculating, and though losses came to forging paper to tide himself over his troubles. When discovery of his crime became inevitable, the wretched man took to his bed, and his son-in-law, Dr. Wright, was called. His gradual decline was announced to the public and at last his death. Touching obituaries in the local papers and an imposing funeral followed. It was only a few days after the funeral that it was revealed that Thos. Gold was implicated in a forgery. Notes had matured, had been presented for payment, were protested as forgeries. It ws easy to trace it back, but too late; Thomas Gold was dead, and his property in the hands of his family.

We have all reason to believe that our narrative so far, says the *Eagle*, is strictly true. What follows, we have obtained as facts from responsible persons, and believe it was the common report at the time. A servant of the Gold family at the time spoke in the village of a stranger man who was locked into a chamber over the front entrance during the funeral. This man, it was said, sat at the window and saw the procession leave the house. After the funeral, under cover of night, this same gentleman left the Gold place alone, driving eastward in the family carriage, drawn by a pair of horses long owned by Mr. Gold. He drove to Boston, where the carriage and horses were sold, to the knowledge of the family, and the man disappeared. It is a strange story, but it was supposed by those who knew the circumstances that this mysterious gentleman was Mr. Gold himself.

There had been, in previous days, in Gold's parlor, a plaster bust of Mr. Gold, but since his funeral it had not been seen. Some one had remarked, after the funeral, that the face in the coffin, although very natural, was very unlike flesh and bones. It was remarked that the coffin "was as heavy as lead" to the pall-bearers, heavier than human bodies generally are. These several items being put together by those villagers who were given to gossip, there was fabricated and circulated a story that had a fair showing for truth. It was that Thomas Gold, fearing the exposure of his crime, caused the report to be circulated that he was dead. Funeral services were held over a plaster bust, and other weighty material, in an elegant coffin. He sat in his chamber and saw his funeral cortege leave the house. That night he fled.

Considering the man's social station, and the morality of the deed, it seems wild to believe such a story. But we are told it came to be generally believed, and moreover that the family never directly denied it. Perhaps there were other and fuller proofs then known than those we have cited. We can but think that there must have been, or the allegation would never have been credited. It was a whispered truth, never until now openly published. But there remain two things to be added. For several years after the reputed death of her husband, Mrs. Gold spent a considerable time in England. No one knew why she went there. After having made several annual visits to this country, she ceased to go, and made the remark that "she should never go again, that there was nothing to go for." She never did. Further, it is questionably said that Mr. Gold was seen in England "after his death." This is, however, told on doubtful authority. The life of Thomas Gold had a strange denouement if these rumors be true. We give the story of the man's life. Is the story of his defalcation and feigned death true? This is the mystery.

The Medicinal Famine During the Blockade.

Mrs. M. P. Handy writes in the Philadelphia *Times:*

The greatest privation suffered by the Confederates was from lack of medicines. The Government at Washington made them contraband of war. Quinine and morphine were worth double, nay treble, their weight in gold, and when Stonewall Jackson's arm was amputated, the fact that he had the aid of chloroform to sustain him under the operation was telegraphed as news throughout the Confederacy—news to be received with thankfulness by the waiting heart of the people. Federal prisoners cursed the Confederate surgeons who refused them morphia and chloroform in their agonies; but Confederates and Federals suffered alike; nothing was scarcer or more precious than such drugs, and not a few Southern hospitals had little of the one and none of the other in their stores. An attempt was made to cultivate opium, and to that end the seed of the red and white poppy were distributed through the country by the Government at Richmond. The plan was to prick the gum capsules of the plant, and collect the gum which exuded from the wounds thus made; but the project met with no success farther north than Southern Alabama and Mississippi, and even there was only partially successful. I believe that some sort of decoction made from the green seed steeped in brandy was used as a lotion in cases of acute neuralgia, but I am not sure. Corn, wheat and other grains were so precious as breadstuffs that their distillation into intoxicating liquors was forbidden both by the Confederate Congress and by the various State Legislatures. So that fruit brandies, rum made from the juice of the Chinese sugar-cane and grape wines were the only lawful strong drinks of the country. These paid heavy taxes, but they also brought high prices, and large quantities of them were manufactured. Victims of neuralgia were forced to drink and forget their misery when hot poultices failed to bring relief, since opium was to be had only at fancy prices. Bromine was unattainable, and all anodynes so wholly out of reach that few people ever even sighed for them. The medical department sent botanizing parties prospecting through the country in search of roots and herbs which might be of medical value, and appealed to the people of the Confederacy to collect and prepare such simples as slippery elm, sarsaparilla, blackberry root, ginseng, etc. Herb teas were used in the hospitals by surgeons who for years had ridiculed them as old wives' remedies, but who now turned to them in necessity, for lack of more efficient medicines. Southern women trod on bare floors, cutting the carpets which had covered them into blankets for sick soldiers. Linen sheets and underclothing were torn into bandages, and private stores were freely used for the sick and dying. Once, during the seven days' fight around Richmond, public worship was suspended on Sunday and the members of the churches worked all day long in their lecture-rooms making sand-bags for the fortifications and rolling bandages and scraping lint for the wounded.

Arrangement of the Hair.

We are often annoyed by the incapacity to see what is becoming to the face or the reverse, as well as the utter disregard of anatomy evinced by the perruquiers and their pitiably blind and thoughtless victims. Worse than the stupid sheep that fights to follow its fellows to the slaughter-house, when a means of escape offers itself in another direction, is the woman who, never having studied any rules of art, wastes or deforms the personal advantages nature may have bestowed upon her, by following a fashion which is unsuited to her, because it is the fashion. When the style, beautiful and simple in itself, but usually most trying to the face, of wearing all the hair scraped back and bound into a circle of close plaits behind, came in ten years ago, every woman discarded the slovenly net that had been ruining the backs of her dresses for years, and scraped her hair tight to her skull. She was right to discard the net, but she was wrong to force the classic style upon herself, *ban gre mal gre*. The consequence was obvious—hardly one woman in ten looked fit to be seen; for the head must be exceptionally fine, the features exceptionally regular, that can stand this treatment. Much the same thing is occurring now among ladies who are striving for "heads like a bird," but the fashion is not very general, nor held so indispensable as to demand comment. Let every woman study her face before she dresses her hair, as she studies her hands before she buys her gloves.

If she finds her forehead narrowing above the cheek-bone, let her never fail to insert pads in her hair at the side. If it be a broad forehead, while her face is narrow, let her avoid this style rigidly, *whatever be the fashion*. If her forehead be ill shapen, let her cultivate a "fringe;" if she possesses a fine brow, she should not so disguise it. If her head be slightly flat, a coronet of plaits, or the hair turned over a cushion, are the only alternatives; but if naturally too high, let her disperse elsewhere the fullness of hair. And should the head be perfect in shape, still let her disregard the fashion, and make a point of showing a charm that is exceedingly rare. It would be simply waste and ruin to pad it into all sorts of shapes.

One word against the huge bundles of false hair now worn. Far be it from me to condemn wholly the practice of wearing false hair. This fashion will never go out while hair is considered a "glory" to a woman, and while, through age and other causes, the glory is liable to become "Ichabod," and to fall off. Moreover, there are cases—since caps are not in use—in which a few bands of extra tresses are more than an improvement—they are even a necessity; witness a very scanty supply of hair, or hair in patches, on a young head. And in spite of opponents, the practice can not be fairly condemned as uncleanly any more than wearing one's own hair. But woman should beware, in the interests of Art, of piling on their heads a greater mass of hair than a human head is able to grow. The huge plaits of three, stuffed and padded, which are so *obviously* artificial; the mighty cables, half as thick as one's arm, that rise up aloft and swell out behind, till the effect of them merely as a burden, not a beauty, is quite painful to the eye; in addition to rows of ringlets which in themselves would require the whole head of hair to form them—de based fashions such as these are a few of the many that detract from the beauty of the head and face instead of enhancing it, imposed by the foolish on themselves. The eye soon becomes vitiated, and does not perceive, in fact, the vulgar and painful effect that is instantly apparent to others.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Municipal Foolishness.

Many things done in the name of economy prove both foolish and criminal extravagance. It appears that Fernandina, Florida, has always been a remarkably healthy city until it was recently visited with the yellow fever scourge. The immediate causes of this fatal epidemic were traced to the uncleanly condition of certain sections of the city. The municipal authorities, finding the treasury impoverished this year, concluded to "economize;" so drainage and proper sanitary regulations were neglected. The result is that out of a population of two or three thousand persons, something like a thousand have had the fever, and many still are ill. It is true that the disease proved to be a mild type, and perhaps not more than sixty deaths have occurred. But such a number, in so small a city, is a fearful loss, and those who remain are suffering greatly in many ways. The complete suspension of business has cut off all opportunities of employment among the laboring classes, and the citizens generally, having exhausted their own resources, have become dependent upon outside relief. Appeals for help have been met by a generous public; and as cold weather will soon check the spread of the fever, it is hoped that the stricken city will speedliy rally from the ravages of this dreadful plague.

The Heart.

Throb, throb, throb. Never sleeping, but often tired, loaded with care, chilled by despair, bleeding with wounds, often inflicted by those who do not understand it, or burdened with affection, it must beat on for a lifetime. Nothing finds a lodgment in its chambers that does not add to its labors. Every thought that the mind generates steps upon the heart before it wings its way into the other world. The memories of dead loved ones are mountains of weight upon its sensitiveness; and anxieties of the soul stream to the heart and bank themselves upon it, as the early snow-drifts cover the tender plant; love, if it loves, fires it with feverish warmth and makes it the more sensitive; hate, if it hates, heats it to desperation and fills it with conflicts. Still it works on. When slumber closes the eyelid, the heart is beating—beating beneath all its burdens; it works while we sleep; it works while we play; it aches when we langh. Do not unnecessarily wound it; do not add to its bleeding wounds. Speak a kind word to cheer it; warm it when it is cold; encourage it when it despairs.—*Good Words.*

THE prisoners in the Janesville Jail run a paper of their own. Their last issue consists in a frantic appeal to the County Board to clean out the rats, which are becoming so numerous that jail-life ceases to be a pleasure.

WIT AND WISDOM.

How many more buttons are to be added to kid gloves? As it is, a man has got to rise an hour earlier than usual Sunday mornings, or else be kept standing on the church steps till the sermon is half over, helping his wife button up her gloves.

IF you would become a millionaire without trouble of any sort, lend somebody $100 for 100 years, at 10 per cent. At the expiration of that time the interest will amount to $1,380,900. If you don't want to live to collect the debt sell it to somebody that does.

THE editor of the Charlton (Iowa) *Leader* offers to send his "photograph to any (female) teacher who will send him the news from her township," and another Iowa editor advises the teachers to take up the offer, as the picture will do to scare bad school-boys with.

GIVE the man who wasn't elected half an hour to sit down and reflect, and he will present twenty-four logical reasons why he was left out in the cold. He will also assure you that this earth won't stand much longer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AL. DUDLEY was a prominent lawyer in old Toulumne. He was employed to defend a client for stealing a hog—jury trial. Dudley made an eloquent and successful plea. The man was acquitted. He was grateful, but had no money. "How can I ever repay you, Mr. Dudley, I haven't a cent. Accept my thanks." "Thanks be ——," said Al. "Send me a side of the pork."

"Boys," said a South-side schoolteacher, "knowledge never comes without seeking. Stick a pin there." And then, as he shot up from his seat like a jack in the box, he offered a reward of $5 for the boy who had stuck a pin there, and one of the boys held up his hand and said the teacher was wrong. He had no knowledge of that pin in his chair, had not sought it, and yet it came.—*Hawkeye.*

Weather Are We Drifting?

Professor Tice is coming to Burlington. He will lecture here next week. And we are glad of it. There is so much about the weather that no one else knows. So much that we want to know that no one else can tell us. So much that is strange, intangible, and mysterious. So much that is natural, but amazing. So much that is common, but disagreeable. We would like to corner Professor Tice and ask him questions for a week, but as we will not have such a delightful opportunity, we want him to tell us all he can in his lecture. We are going to hear him if, in humble, child-like imitation of our happier, guileless, younger days, we have to dive under the canvas and hook in.

We want to know, then, why the unclouded sun always shines in glorious refulgence on a prize-fight? And on the other hand,

Why it always rains on the Sunday-school pic-nic?

We want to know why it is that a pelting rain storm, with occasional touches of thunder and lightning, fails to reduce the audience at a theater, while a cloud the size of a man's hand is sufficient to keep the same people at home Sunday morning, grieving at being thus deprived of the privileges of the sanctuary, but dreading to expose themselves to the threatening weather.

Why is it that rain always has a greater affinity for a South Hill cellar, than it has for a cistern?

Why it is that a snow-storm that distributes only three inches of snow in an even layer, all over the country, outside of city limits and in the city streets, will pile up a layer 14 inches deep in the shallowest place, on the sidewalk in front of a man's house?

And why any snow-storm always heaps itself up in large drifts about the wood-shed door, generally piling up about two feet higher than the top of the door?

Why it is, that it always snows the the night a man leaves the ax out in the yard, and the wood-house door open? And why it never fails to rain every time a man leaves his hat and coat on a garden chair, and goes to bed without thinking of them?

Why the wind always blows hardest and longest and most viciously about the houses of people who are most afraid of it?

Why tornadoes never strike the homes of any but real good, excellent people?

If the first rain on record was an express or accommodation train, and what time did it make?

If the man who "went to thunder" knew that his departure got noised around a great deal?

If the color of a tornado is sky blue?

If a cyclone can be negotiated by a syndicate?

If the mean temperature is ever as mean anywhere else, as it is in an Iowa autumn?

If a man can "raise the wind" by "going on a breeze?"

If you can fasten a door with a thunder bolt?

If, when snow is so soft and noiseless, a railway train can be snow din?

And finally, what would happen, if a promissory note should be mist before it is dew?—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Rebuilding London.

London presents the appearance of a city in the course of being rebuilt. In all directions houses are being torn down for the purpose of widening existing streets, or making new ones, or creating squares, or clearing sites for new blocks of shops, hotels or private residences. The buildings now in course of erection are invariably of the most showy and at the same time substantial orders of architecture. The road-beds are exceedingly firm and the surface smooth and hard. The pavements are wide, strong and well laid. The gas-lighting is liberal and occasionally tasteful, particularly on the north bank of the Thames from Westminster to Blackfriars Bridge, along the new embankment, which is a parterre of flowers and shrubs by day, and a fairy-like illumination by night. But all this is modified, and the aspect of the city, to a certain extent, disfigured, like blotches on a fair face, by excavations, heaps of rubbish, and the vast piles of earth, lime, stone, brick, timber and iron, everywhere blocking the streets. There appears literally no end to the rebuilding and reconstruction of the metropolis. One set of improvements is no sooner finished than another is begun. In ten years London will probably be more beautiful in every quarter than Paris. Already many foreigners consider London, on the whole, preferable to the butterfly metropolis of France, but when the vast changes now progressing are partly accomplished, London will be without a rival for taste and elegance as a residence, as it already is peerless for wealth, influence and population. In the meantime, the stream of tourists, travelers, pleasure-seekers, business men, invalids and others visiting the metropolis, seems to be forever increasing. Never was any thing seen like it. Wonderful as the day is, the morrow is equally crowded with marvels. London is a succession of surprises, and they never cease.

An Australian Courtship.

Many curious anecdotes illustrative of the manners of the early settlers in Australia are told in connection with the strange travels through the bush made by the late Mrs. Chisholm. On one occasion, while journeying with a party of girls, a strong bush-man suddenly sprang from the thick covert, and took hold of the reins of her horse. The driver, taking him for a bush-ranger, was about to strike him over the head, when Mrs. Chisholm arrested his hand. The man asked, "Are you Mrs. Chisholm?"

"I am."

"You are the very person I wanted to see. Do you see that nice-looking farm on the side of the hill?"

"I do."

"Well, then, the face and smile of a woman never crossed my threshold. Now, for God's sake, Mrs. Chisholm, if you have got a nice Tipperary girl with you, leave me one;" and pulling out a large bundle of bank-notes, he added: "This is the thing that will do it with the clergyman. I wish you would see what I have in the cottage—several flitches of bacon, a chest of tea, a bag of sugar, and plenty of every thing. Besides, I have a bullock, dray, horses, cows and calves, with lots of fowls and pigs, too."

Mrs. Chisholm said to the modest bush-man, "I have several nice Tipperary girls with me in the drays, but at present I am going through the district, and I never make matches on the road."

"Oh, I would feast your whole party for a week if you would only consider my case, and may God bless you?"

Mrs. Chisholm did settle on a farm not far off a nice Tipperary girl that she thought would suit this well-to-do bush-man, and had no fear that he would not soon find her out; and some months afterward Mrs. Chisholm had the pleasure of hearing of their marriage.

HENRY GORHAM, a Utah Mormon, undertook to chastise his six wives with a horsewhip for disobedience. He had previously punished them singly many times, and had grown arrogant. But this time he had overrated his power. The six wives joined hands, or fists, and before Gorham escaped from them he was so badly scratched, bruised, and bitten that his recovery was for a time doubtful.

A LETTER was mailed at the Hornellsville, N. Y., Post-office, recently, 8 feet 11 inches long and 18 inches wide. It took 60 cents to pay the postage.